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By and Large

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

BY AND LARGE

BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Tobogganing on Parnassus

In Other Words

BY AND LARGE

BY

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1920

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Q. H. F.'S ADDRESS TO HIS BOOK

Horace: Book I, Epistola 20.

"Vertumnum Janumque, liber, spectare videris—"

Ho, ambitious little book!
Wan and wistful is your look,
Think you that a lyricist
E'er could lead The Bookman's list?
Get you gone, and, booklet, learn,
Once away there's no return.
Verses fashioned for a colyum,
Who told you you were a volume?

How you will be torn and squeezed,
When the reader is appeased!
Moths and bookworms will devour
All those lines of light and power!
Should arise one cak
Whether I am grave or gay,
Say that he who runs this Steeple
Came from free and honest people.

Tell him I am short and stout,
Nor recluse nor gadabout;
Tell him that I have, alack!
Silver Threads among the Black.
Tell him, though my temper's warm,
Quickly vanishes my storm,
And my years — THAT I remember —
Five-and-forty next December!

NYU 19 FEB '36

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BY AND LARGE

BY AND LARGE

—

BUSINESS OF BOWING

Horace: Book I, Ode 32.

AD LYRAM

"Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra—"

Help me, my lute, if we have made,
What time I twanged thee in the shade,
  A song to make the people cry,
  Like "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"
Or Mr. Schubert's serenade —

If, I repeat, we've ever played
Some song for which the public paid,
  Yet said: "This Horace is some guy"—
    Help me, my lute!

By and Large

Thine erstwhile owner, unafraid,
Sang Love and Wine . . . If we invade
What themes soever, thou and I,
Down here on Nassau Street, N. Y.,
I'll reckon on thy well-known aid . . .
Help me, my lute!

THE RECONCILIATION

Horace: Book III, Ode 9.

"Donec eram gratus tibi—"

HORACE

Lyddy, am I right or wrong?
Was I there? Did I belong?
Did you not — you know you did —
Call me once the Headline Kid?
I had everybody stopped;
Persian potentates I topped;
Dun and Bradstreet, if you'd love me,
Wouldn't rate a king above me.

LYDIA

Friend Horatius, all that you
Say is absolutely true.
I was happy as a queen
When — oh, you know what I mean.

When you gave no Chloë praise,
Them, ah, them was happy days!
When you used to coax and con me
Ilia's self had nothing on me.

HORACE

Thracian Chloë — she's a bear —
Has Q. H. up in the air;
Her I lamp without fatigue;
Chloë leads the Flaccus League.
Listen: I'm a selfish guy,
But I'd really love to die
If I thought she'd get a giggle
At my mortuary wriggle.

LYDIA

Speaking, as you often do,
Of affection, I'm there, too.
Who is my idea of joy?
Calaïs — and *quantus* boy.
Why, if I believed that he
Could elicit any glee
From the sentence *Lydia non est,*
I'd bichloride. I would, honest.

The Reconciliation

HORACE

Lyddy, listen, get me right:
Do you think perhaps we might
Sort of start it up again
As 'twas in the glorious When?
If I tell this Chloë that
I am going to leave her, flat,
Do you think that you would let me
Write to you, and? — well, you get me.

LYDIA

Listen, Horace, though you be
Roaring as the raging sea
Though he be a Broadway sign,
I'm for you — Q. H. for mine.
Whether you're the ocean's roar,
Angry and ferocious; or
Lighter than a cork, and giddy,
I am yours

Sincerely,

LYDDY

Q. H. F. MORALIZES ON THE SPRINGTIDE

AD SEXTIUM

Horace: Book I, Ode 4.

"Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni—"

The backbone of winter is broken;
The river is running with shad;
The phrases of baseball are spoken
In pictures by Briggs or by Tad.
The cattle come out of the stable;
The nymphs do the dip and the swing;
The rhubarb appears on the table;
In short, it is spring.

In grottoes excessively shady
We'll offer a lamb or a kid
To Pan; and to Rosie or Sadie
A nellygunt two-dollar lid.
But — pipe to the words of the poet:
You'll die, be you beggar or king.
You simply can't beat it, although it
Appears to be spring.

Q. H. F. Moralizes on the Springtide

Though fortune may pamper and pet you
Though you be bewreathed and be-
pearled,
The jolly old Reaper will get you;
You ain't got a chance in the world.
No Lycidas, no dice — I give warning —
In Pluto's domain — not a thing.
But still — we *are* living this morning,
And gosh! it is Spring!

MÆCENAS IS INVITED TO HAVE A DRINK

Horace: Book I, Ode 20.

"Vile potabis modicis Sabinum—"

Mæcenas, let us have a drink;
I have a lot of Sabine ink,
Wine of a cheap domestic sort,
At four denarii the quart.

I brewed the wine myself the day
The cries of "Prosit!" and "Hooray!"
For you, from all the Roman pop.,
Echoed from stream to mountain-top.

Buy Cæcuban, if so you will,
Or drink from the Calenian still,
Falernian, Formian at your home —
But not at his who writes this pome.

PYRRHA THE FLIRTATIOUS

Horace: Book I, Ode 5.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa—"

AD PYRRHAM

Who is the arrowcollar kid
  You're playing in the grot with?
For whom the zippy Leghorn lid?
  Whom do you do the trot with?

Ha! Get me giggling, while I think
  How smooth appears the ocean
To him, the unsuspecting gink —
  But oh! that wavy motion!

I weep for them that are not joe,
  That think you sweet and clever.
Spear it from one who's in the know:
  I'm off your lay forever.

Q. H. F. SWEARS OFF

Horace: Book III, Ode 26.

"Vixi puellis nuper idoneus —"

Till recently I used to call
  On any frail who would receive me.
I frivoled with them one and all —
  I was some fusser, too, believe me.

But now to Venus I shall give
  My xylophone and tennis racquet.
For me no longer while I live,
  The rôles of Faversham and Hackett

However, Venus, O thou queen,
  Take up thy lash or stick or Bowie.
And let it fall upon the bean
  Of naughty, haughty, beauty Chloë.

HORACE TO CHLOË

Book I, Ode 23.

"Vitus hinnuleo me similis, Chloë—"

Dear Chloë, why so frightened by
  The harmless presence of Horatius?
I'm not a bear that wants to scare —
    Don't be fugacious.

Yet like a fawn you leave the lawn
  When I approach. If you would let me,
I'd say that you were twenty-two . . .
    There, do you get me?

THE STALLING OF Q. H. F.

Horace: Epode XIV.

"Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis—"

Mæcenas, you appal me
  With your demand for rhyme,
Because — the names you call me! —
  My stuff's not done on time!
You think I'm steeped in slumber
And that you have my number.

Oh, well, you've got to know it,
  You ask me why I shirk;
It's Love that keeps this poet
  From getting down to work;
It's Cupid that's upset me;
It's — well, I guess you get me.

The Stalling of Q. H. F.

How fain was to philander
  Anacreon the great!
And — far from me to slander —
  You like to keep a date.
So, while I'm thrall to Phryne,
My pomes continue tiny.

THE DAUNTLESS BARD

Horace: Book I, Ode 22.

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus—"

O Fuscus, if your heart be true,
  If you be but a righteous liver,
No Moorish bow need bother you,
  Nor arrows from a foeman's quiver.

Duluth, Winona, Kankakee,
  South Framingham and points adjacent —
It matters not where you may be,
  If but your conscience be complacent.

Why, once when I was singing of
  My Lalage — need I repeat it? —
A wolf that heard my song of love
  Gave me a look and straightway beat it.

Put me where it is cold or hot.
  Where water's ice, or where it's b'iling,
I'll sing — who likes my stuff or not —
  My Lalage so sweetly smiling.

THE SUBURBAN CRAZE IN ROME

Catullus: Ode 26.

Your bungalow, my Furius, is not up against
the wind
East, west or north or even south — in fact,
not any kind;
But up against a cyclone that has emptied all
your purses —
A mortgage of a trifle over fifteen thou-
ses*ter*ces.

THE PROPERTIAN FANCY

AD TULLUM

Propertius: Book I, Elegy 14.

" Tu licet abjectus Tibernia molliter unda —"

Though you recline on the banks of the Tiber,
Drinking some excellent dope;
Though you're considerable Lesbian imbiber,
Would I exchange with you? . . Nope.

Wine and the wealth of a teacher of dancing,
Loveless, were naught but a curse.
Cynthia for me, with her vernal romancing
Which I can put into verse.

A TIP TO PONTICUS

Propertius: Elegy 7.

"Dum tibi Cadmeae dicuntur, Pontice, Thebæ—"

What time thou singest martial airs
  As well as Homer ever did —
  O Ponticus, I scorn to kid! —
I sing about some fluff.

Some Fluff is right. I sing her praise.
  Thus do I spend my whole career;
  That is my total cause for cheer,
Mine only claim to bays.

Let luckless lovers note the same,
  And let them learn what I have learned;
  For children that have once been burned
May shun the flame.

A Tip to Ponticus

Shouldst thou be wishful to create
  The softer, sweeter songs of Love,
  And cease to sing of sword and glove,
'Twill be too late.

Then shalt thou marvel, full of ruth,
  How fine have been *my* songs, how great!
  Beware of love that cometh late!
. . . Ain't it the truth?

A WARNING TO BASSUS

Propertius: Book I, Ode 8.

"Quid mihi tam multas laudando, Basse, puellas. Mutatum domina cogis abire mea?"

Why, Bassus, do you tell me of
  A million maids I cry "Pooh! Pooh!" to?
Think you that I shall ever love
  Any but her I now am true to?

O why not suffer me to slave
  As thrall to one who understands me,
From now until the very grave,
  No matter what the future hands me?

Antiope was quelque queen,
  Hermione was passing pretty;
But none was 1–2–17
  With Cynthia, heroine of this ditty.

A Warning to Bassus

Yet pulchritude is not her all;
  Her color and her grace are — oh, what
The French, who phrase it fitly, call
  Elusively her I-don't-know-what.

The more you try to have it cease,
  The more you seek our love to sever,
By so much more will it increase,
  For we have vowed to never-never.

And when my Cynthia comes to hear
  Of how you sought to dim her glamour,
She'll smite you with her lingual spear
  And hit you with her verbal hammer.

For loss of love — of such a love
  As mine for her, though I do say so —
Cannot be borne . . . O ye above,
  I pray that she may ever stay so!

THE PIFFLOSOPHY OF ANACREON

Fill, oh, fill the punch tureen;
Twine the roses round my bean!
Flowers are fair and wine is gay —
Let us be as bright as they!
Garlanded we well may frown
At old Gyges' costly crown.

Ours the present; why beware
Of the future's woe and care?
Ours the present; treat it well
Lest we break the happy spell.
Though to-morrow bring the ache,
We should fret and lie awake!

O, I WENT DOWN TO THE RIVER BANK!

O, I went down to the river bank
Last night,
When a million stars were bright
And you in the long grass lay.

O, the wind blew over the river bank
Last night,
And the touch of your lips was light
As we in the warm grass lay.

O, I came up from the river bank
Alone,
While the weary wind made moan,
And the dawn on the crushed grass lay.

—RUTH THOMAS PICKERING, Vassar, '14, in *Vassar Miscellany* for February, 1914.

TO RUTH

O, I read all of your poem, Ruth,
Last night,
And I said "To the colyum's height
With that there little lay."

By and Large

O, I gave some thought to your poem, Ruth,
Last night,
And I felt that I ought to write
The lady who wrote that lay.

O, I am keen for your lyric, Ruth.
It smokes!
But — how did it hit your folks
When they read their daughter's lay?

A DREAM OF FAIR COOKS

PROLOGUE

Years, years agone, or ever I had come
To Social Problems and the World's Advance;
Or that Reform and Sin had made me dumb
To good o. f. Romance;

While still I fell for Dickens and for Scott,
While A. B. Frost was what I knew of Art,
When Love — in short, before I knew a lot
Of everything, in part —

Back in those days of measles and of croups—
If you insist, in Eighteen Ninety Three —
Tennyson's Poems and the Rogers Groups
Were everything to me.

And but on yesternight again I read,
  Browsing among my dust-encrusted books,
A Dream of Women Fair; whereat I said:
    "A Dream — ha! — of Fair Cooks!"

And so, as Browning'd say, I did 'gin write
  A lyric sequence to our many maids
Of all work — from the sturdy to the slight,
    Of varied shapes and shades.

I

GRETCHEN

O blonde and bland Bavarian,
  No longer in the flat
Of this here proletarian
  Dost thou hang up thy hat.

Allowing what I could for it —
  That awful hat — I think
That hanging was too good for it —
  A mass of green and pink!

No longer dost thou stay with us,
  No longer rise at eight.
Meseems thou got'st too gay with us,
  Wherefore thou got'st the gate.

I trust thy prodigality
  With butter, eggs, and cream
Will carry no penality
  Under thy new régime.

Farewell! I cannot jest at thee,
  I can do naught but hurl
My wishes — all the best — at thee,
  Farewell, poor little girl!

II

THE FINN

O mendacious maid and shameless,
  Vowed to come a week ago,
I must lyricize you nameless,
  For your name I do not know.

Guileless, I have no suspicion
  Some one else might be a crook;
You Accepted that Position,
  And I said: "We have a cook."

When, a Danish damsel scorning,
  On yourself we did decide,
And you said: "On Monday morning,"
  Little did I think you lied.

Nine o'clock — ten — and eleven —
  At the memory reason spins!
You came not . . . I cried to Heaven:
  "Vent my fury on the Finns!"

Wrathful penned I this indenture,
  Frenzied wrote this angry screed
At your perfidy. I'll venture
  Eight to five you cannot read.

III

MARTHA

O Martha, mirthful I and gay,
  No longer am I thrall to sorrow,

For, Martha, thou art here to-day
And gone to-morrow.

Gone to another, where thy lot,
I trust, I pray, may be less rotten.
Thou'rt nearly gone, but, Martha, not,
Not quite forgotten.

Four weeks thou tarried'st in our midst —
Tarried'st is right — of cooks the slowest.
I sing, in view of all thou didst,
What time thou goest.

Thou couldst not cook, thou couldst not wait
On table — oh, the things thou couldst not!
The sentences I begged to state
Thou understood'st not.

"Farewell" — I quote Lord Byron's song —
"Farewell"— and if the fates demand it
Shall be forever, I'll be strong
And try to stand it.

IV

LENA. REEL NO. I.

I pray that I am not egregiously gross;
  I hope I shall always be able
To keep from becoming unduly verbose
  Concerning the joys of the table.

What time that Parnassus may be my address,
  And Pierian springs I may drink of,
I hope none will say, as he reads: "Well, I guess
  Provisions is all he can think of."

Yet Food hath its place — and its place is the home —
  Sound, psalter! and sound, concertina!
For I am about to deliver a pome,
  The theme of the same being Lena.

The coffee she brews! and the eggs that she
boils!
Her soups and her French fried potatoes!
The pies that she bakes and the steaks that
she broils!
And oh! how she fixes tomatoes!

She's pleasant to talk to and pleasant to see—
(Poor Martha! her gloom was atrocious!
Poor Gretchen! she thought I was Simon
Legree,
While truly I'm far from ferocious).

O Lena, sincerely I put in my song
The whole of my earnest endeavor.
I can't, I am sure, make it any too strong:
I hope you'll stay with us forever.

LENA. REEL NO. 2.

I thought her a wonder, a treasure, a pearl,
And time and again I confessed it;
The praise and the presents I gave to that
girl!
And now she has gone . . . You have
guessed it.

By and Large

Gone . . . gone . . . and my life
is a terrible thing;
I'm dull and morose and I mutter.
I haven't been gay since the day she took
wing
And two cakes of soap and some butter.

She used to have Thursdays and Saturdays
out,
Each evening, did she demand it;
And now that she's faded, it fills me with
doubt;
It beats me; I can't understand it.

I never could question the motives that gov-
Ern most of a lady's decisions.
Perhaps it was right to dissemble her love,
But — why did she swipe the provisions?

Ah, baffling the way of a man with a maid —
It raises particular hob.
But where is the pen that has ever portrayed
The way of a maid with a job?

"IF"

Addressed, with obeisances to Joseph R. Kipling, the well-known English author, to some young woman who desires Economic Independence

If you can keep your job when all about you
  Are leaving theirs for something more a week;
If you can smile when some one ought to clout you,
  And yet refrain to giggle like a geek:
If you can wait — that is, can wait on table,
  And not insult the hostess or the guest;
If you can pass the cream; if you are able
  To wear a solemn look if I should jest;

If you can cook — and not make food your master;
  If you can read — and not make Hearst your aim:
If you can bake a crust that isn't plaster;

If you can use the gas, nor waste the flame;
If you can take a message telephonic,
And tell me who she was and what she said;
If you are less loquacious than laconic,
And tuck the covers tightly in the bed;

If you can wash my socks without their shrinking;
If you can iron kerchiefs without starch;
If you have friends who do not care for drinking;
(Alas! the time our Gretchen had last March!)
If you can rise at seven in the morning;
If you will now and then turn off the light;
If you can smother every look of scorning
My "Seven extra places, please, to-night";

If you can Tidy Up, nor lose my papers;
If English be akin to what you talk;

"If"

If you can cook *sans* onions, sage, or capers;
  If you don't clatter-clatter when you walk;
If you can boil an egg for but a minute,
  Instead of — as is usual — two or three,
Yours is the flat and everything that's in it,
  And — which is more — you'll get a job
    with me!

CULINARY IMPERFECTIONS

Full many a glorious cook we've had,
From Clara to the current queen;
And some were good and some were bad,
And some were only just between.
Their minor faults I can forgive;
This is what makes me cross and crusty:
Why, why — no matter where I live —
Why is the spinach always dusty?

We've had 'em that could broil a steak,
We've had 'em that could stew or fry;
Our Olive, once a week, can bake
A far from tasteless lemon pie.
Our Lena — oh, her splendid soup!
Our Margaret — oh, her brilliant scrapple!
But there is not in all the group
A single one can core an apple.

Culinary Imperfections

Our Gretchen had an art with fish,
  Our Anne with prunes and vermicelli,
Our Emma's cakes were all you'd wish,
  Our Jennie was a bear with jelly;
Yet, out of all the gifted crew,
  From Jane the Curse to Grace the Blessing,
There was not one but she put too
  Much vinegar in the salad dressing.

IN A MANNER OF WRITING

Horace: Book I, Ode 38.

EZRA POUND'S OR AMY LOWELL'S

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus—"

The Persian pompadours I hate, O boy!
Head-wreaths, with linden twined
Displease me.
Seek not the rose's dwelling place,
But myrtle, if I had my choice, for me.
For you as well, you a servitor.
And for me, as under this lovely vine
I become, as Jack London says,
Jingled.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S

I don't keer fer Perzhunn ties an' clo'es 'at's
wore by kings;
I wunt shoes f'm Terry Hut, an' Injunopplis
things.

In a Manner of Writing

Don't wunt no criss-anthey-ums 'at grows in
any store,
Wunt a little daisy ist like Ou-er Annie wore.
Noon-time an' June-time beneath a nellum
tree —
Here in Injeanny is the
Place
Fer
Me!

ROBERT W. SERVICE'S

I've worked like the deuce and sweated
profuse, till my brain and blood oozed
forth,
And *hoi polloi* grow sick with joy at my
rhymes of the ribald North;
I sing my song and they call it strong and
virile and vivid and bright;
If Horace were here — don't spill the beer! —
I'd show him the way to write!

Believe me, kid, whether wop or yid, I hate
a gazabe with lugs;
These velvety hats they drive me bats, and
I think I am going bugs.

The plainest caps for a couple of yaps and yeggs like you and me —
A waiter you, and me with a stew in the shade of a Dago tree.

I've soused like sin with a jigger of gin where the veins of the Yukon flow,
I've loved and lost and damned the cost in the cities of sleet and snow;
I was never afraid to call a spade a murderous, hellish plow —
If Horace to-day would follow my way — God! but I'd show him how!

THE BALL GAME

I

BY OUR OWN JOHN MASEFIELD

With other men and wastrel-hounds
I walked into the Polo Grounds,
And, cursing hard at the expense,
I bought a seat for fifty cents.
By cripes, I thought, do human creatures
Sit out here in the bloody bleachers?

I heard them argue and exclaim
An hour or so before the game:
"Brooklyn's some team."
"Some team is right."
"You said a face full."
"Aw, good night!"

"They got no chance. See Matty limp!"
"That's Tes-er-eau!"
"Shut up, you simp!"
"The Gi'nts 'a' got the pennant sewed."
"Go wan, these early games is throwed!"

And then I heard the umpire say:
"Lays'gem' thuh battrees fer to-day —
Fer Brooklyn, Roolback an' McCarty;
Fer Noo York Mathewson an' Meyers."
Long was the cheering, loud and hearty,
From these encouragers and guyers.

The game: Jack Dalton died at first;
I writhed in horror and I cursed;
My thoughts went eddying in a circle
At Cutshaw's out, Matty to Merkle;
Then Daubert beat an infield hit —
My crimson-flowing lips I bit —
But Wheat, Zack Wheat, lifted to Burns
And soured all my hoping yearns.

Bob Bescher grounded out to first;
By crimes, the bleachers roared and cursed.
"Safe!"

"He was not!"
"He was!"
"Was NOT!"
"He WAS!"
"Yerliar!"
"Can that rot!"
George Burns went out, and so did Fletcher.
"Some team, them boys!"
"Some team, you betcher!"

So till the fourth, when Cutshaw singled:
Oh, strike me blind, but how I tingled!
Then Daubert cracked one to the fence
And Cutshaw scored, and Jake. Immense!
Wheat tripled; Carlyle Smith fouled out,
But Stengel scored Wheat with a clout.
Egan went out, McCarty, too —
But three big runs across — hurroo!

Quiet until the middle inning,
When trouble started in beginning:
Doyle tripled, Merkle fanned, and Snow
Waited for four and walked — and Oh!

Stock singled, Doyle ran fast and scored,
And then a brimstone thing — Oh Lord! —
They ran down Snodgrass close to third,
And then the hellish thing occurred:
McCarty tried for Stock, who'd stole
To third. He threw. There was a hole.
The ball went out to deep left field.
Three runs — that inning's fruity yield.
And in the sixth they got another,
And Brooklyn got no more — Oh, mother!

"Some Matty, eh? He's on the job."
"He'd oughta lost, the lucky slob!"
"Marquard's their ace."
"He's through, the Rube."
"He ain't!"
"He is!"
"Shut up, you boob!"

I left those loud, loquacious louts,
Their tenuous talk of ins and outs;
Their footless talk of bears and terrors;
Their silly talk of hits and errors.
What do they know, I asked, of Sport?

They haven't the slightest feeling for't.
They talk and yell and swear and shout,
But they don't know what Sport's about.
What is't? I said. By cripes, I'll show 'em!
So I went downtown and pulled this poem.

II

BY OUR OWN RING W. LARDNER

New York City, N. Y., May 26.

FRIEND AL: Probly it come like a supprise when you seen I dident pitch Tuesday's game or Monday's. Well Al I was supprised a little myself and you could of knocked me down with a croshayed necktie when Cal says he is going to pitch Russell this afternoon. I was pretty mad and I says Oh are you and he didn't even answer. I guess he had enough in St. Louis the day Evans called a balk on me the big stiff. Cal says You must have some ball games in the bank the way you toss them away you big bone you ingorant busher. He says you aint a pitcher youre a nuisance. He says Get out of that

game. He says if you had a little more sense youd be ½ witted. Them managers cant bluff me. I come back at him. I says Is that so. You know me Al.

Well Al it was like that here in N. Y. Cal dident say a word and he pitched Russell and they tyed it up on him one a peace in the 6th in'g and then Cal took Russell out and put in Benz and in the 9th Bodie got a lucky one off of Caldwell that went in the stands a homer so we won but it wasnt Benz's fault. The lucky stiff.

After the game I says to Irving Vaughan one of the Ch'go reporters I think Cal done wrong not to pitch me to-day or yesterday dont you. I says Your honest opinion no bunk now I says. He says He certainly should of pitched you Jack. He says This way he only won two out of the two games and if he had of pitched you he might of won three or seven out of the two. Them reporters give me a pain Al. If they had to play baseball for a living I bet they would starve to deth.

Coming out of the grounds I seen Chance the Highlanders m'n'g'r. I says Good evening Mr. Chance you would have a swell team if they only could hit that old ball. He says Yes and if beefsteak dident cost so much it might be cheaper. I guess he dident understand what he said. You know he is a little deef Al.

We are stopping at Bretton Hall Al and it sure is some hotel. There is a little girl at the news-stand who is pretty fond of me Al. She is some looker O. K. She says I bet youre a ballplayer all right and I says yes how did you know and she says on account of the way you have got your neck shaved in the back. Gee Al I knew it looked nice but I dident think anybody would notice it. These N. Y. dames are pretty keen Al.

In the elevator as I was going to the room Kid Gleason comes in. Well he says I hope you will like it in Mobile. I says I aint going to Mobile and he says the evening papers is full of it. So I went back and bought a paper and there wasent nothing about it at

all. Al he was kidding me and they charged me 2c for a 1c paper too.

No more at present from

Your old pal

JACK.

III

BY OUR OWN WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I met a little Gotham girl
Upon the city street;
She wore a merry fish-hook curl,
And all her ways were sweet.

She said that she would like to go
The baseball game to see,
But rain prevented it, and, oh,
The difference to me!

The lily on its waving stem,
The roses in the store —
A summer shower 'twas to them,
And it was nothing more.

The Ball Game

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my hopes decay.
How often hath a summer shower
Washed all my life away!

IV

BY OUR OWN WILLIAM DE MORGAN

CHAPTER I

OF BELLAREATON'S NAME. HOW IT WASN'T REALLY BELLAREATON. BECAUSE PRUDENCE CROSBY CALLED HER THAT, NINETEEN YEARS AGO. JUNE IN GRAMERCY PARK. JUNE 24, 1914, TO BE ACCURATE.

Of course, if you had looked at Bellareaton's visiting cards, which were engraved in the neatest of Caslon caps and small caps, and not in the Tiffany text which was affected by the best and assistant-best and second-vice-best people twenty years ago — *eheu fugaces!* — you would have known that Bellareaton's name was not Bellareaton at all.

You would have known that it was ISABELLA EATON, 291 GRAMERCY PARK. You would not have known, though the reading of any of the writer's previous publications might have given you a chart or diagram you could have got ahead pretty far with, so you might have guessed, that when Isabella Eaton was a baby, and, indeed, up to the time when the brook and river, as Mr. Longfellow — and his verses were deemed excellent in your mother's day, delightful young reader — said, meet — that is, in preadolescent days, Miss Prudence Crosby, of Augusta, Maine, was Isabella's nurse and guardian — right-guardian, James Eaton, who used to be Old Beef Eaton of Yale, called her. Prudence's pronunciatory proclivities — the alliteration is accidental and the story would gain nothing by stopping to change it now — included vanillaricecream, Pennsylvaniaravenue and she sawr a nanimal yestiddy. And, obviously, Isabellareaton. It was Isabella at first, then Bella. But when the extremely young Miss Eaton appeared to be becoming overde-

sirous for nuzzer piece o' tandy, which she had had enough of already and what was children a-comin' to, Prudence, terrifying and austere, would cry a warning "Bellareaton, you've had more than enough already. Bella*reat*on!"

May had come and gone, as Mays in Gramercy Park had been doing for the twenty-four years of Bellareaton's life. It was June. June twen — further vagueness and attempt at concealment were futile — ty-fourth, Nineteen Fourteen. It was one-fifteen of that afternoon, a Wednesday. The present chronicler might increase his reputation for an unusual ability to remember dates and figures, but there is no merit accruing in this instance. He has looked it up in a calendar and finds that June 24, 1914, fell on a Wednesday. And calendars never are wrong, save artistically. They always are that.

CHAPTER II

HOW YOUNG PHYSICIANS DO NOT MAKE MUCH MONEY. A WAITING PHYSICIAN. IF DOCTORS ONLY MIGHT ADVERTISE! WHY SHOULDN'T THEY? BECAUSE THINGS ARE WRONG. BUT HOW CAN IT BE HELPED?

Unless your reverence for the mating of words is stronger than the writer's, you would not have called John Howard Ripley, M. D., as his bills, which so few, alas! were sent out of, and solely because there were so few *to* send out, a struggling physician. At any rate, his struggling was not visible. He was, you might say, assuming again your willingness to divorce word-pairs whose diamond-wedding anniversaries have been celebrated, a waiting physician. One who is by way of being in the cloak-and-suit line, say, may struggle; a subway guard may struggle; a janitor of an apartment-house may struggle. To see the last, if we may drop the story for a moment, we should be willing to walk

ten miles on a cold night, and pay a good round admittance-fee. Provided, of course, that his struggling were in vain.

You would — we are going to at any rate — call Dr. Ripley a waiting physician. An excellent physician he was, and they could tell you at Vienna, in the university, of the amazing knowledge of surgery this young American had attained. But when you take an apartment in East Fifty-sixth Street — or anywhere, almost — you simply cannot stand in front of the building, collect a crowd, and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to open an office here. Though I am unknown to all of you, I can refer you to the faculty of the University of Vienna, where I took exceptional honors in surgery and orthopraxy. I am conscientious and honorable, my skill and judgment are more than ordinary, and I deserve your trade." Yet this would have been utterly true.

A theatre may — nay, dozens do — vaunt that it has the Best Show in Town, and a department store vow, in print, that nowhere

else is it possible to obtain such colossal values for such absurdly low prices. Yet Dr. Ripley's speech, could he but have made it, would have been more truthful and, we believe, more modest. Our standards are in error. And jesting Pilate's query remains unanswered.

CHAPTER III

HOW IT WAS STILL JUNE 24, 1914. OF BENNIE MURPHY AND ANOTHER BOY WHOSE NAME DOESN'T MATTER. THE ACCIDENT. THE RECOVERY. HOW THREE HAPPY PEOPLE WENT TO A BASEBALL GAME.

Although a whole chapter has intervened, no time whatever has elapsed since it was one-fifteen of a Wednesday afternoon, June 24, 1914. Into each novel some interpolations must fall, some chapters must be dark and dreary. The writer is not sure whether that is original with him or is a quotation from a review of one of his books. At any rate he does not read the reviews. He is not

one of those mendacious authors who never look at reviews and don't care what they say anyhow and the critics never read the books and the papers have a grudge against them. No, the writer reads all the reviews. He is an incorrigible optimist. He hopes some day to read a good one.

On this June afternoon on which, as Miss Laura Jean Libbey used to say, our story opens on, a young boy, Bennie Murphy ycleped and Moiphy called, *aetitis*, 13, clean-limbed, as Mr. Chambers would say, and dirty-handed and faced, as the worship of truth compels us to, was playing catch with another boy, in the street. The other boy does not enter into the story, save objectively, and his name and attributes do not matter. Giving him a name would only serve to confuse the reader. It would violate the principle of Economy of Attention. Besides, a careful writer may spend hours thinking up a name for an inconsequential character, when any name might have done. So a story-teller will hesitate, sometimes, as to whether

his child made the remark on Tuesday or on Wednesday, when you are perishing to have the story over with, so that you can get away, or tell him about your own remarkable child's epigram of last Monday — or was it Friday morning?

Bennie and the boy were playing catch, then, and Bennie was just running to the side of the street to catch the ball, which the boy whose name does not matter had thrown high and the wind had deflected, when an automobile-truck bore down upon him. The wheels seemed to pass over his left foot only. He lay in the street, very white, very lifeless-looking.

The first man who rushed up was Dr. Ripley. In a thousand cases, a doctor would be the tenth or the sixty-third to arrive. But there has to be a first, and this time it was the doctor. The story cannot play with facts, even to serve a purpose. Also, the boy whose name doesn't matter ran away. His name matters less than ever now.

The second person to appear was a po-

liceman, who took the truckman's name and the truck's number. Clearly, though, it wasn't his fault, 'cause the kid run right plum into it and you couldn't stop it then, bein' too late, an' kids oughta keep off o' the streets an' it wasn't his fault. The eleventh person to arrive was Bellareaton, the accident having occurred almost in front of her house.

"Bring the little chap in here," she said. She was pale, but excitedly beautiful.

"Give us a hand, here," this from the doctor.

So Bennie was carried into 291 Gramercy Park and laid on a bed upstairs and he opened his eyes and saw Dr. Ripley and closed them again, and Dr. Ripley took his shoe and stocking off and pressed the foot, ever so gently, and then took the knee and pressed that, and rubbed the calf and kneaded the instep. And Bellareaton looked on, wonderingly.

All this, you must know, took more time than it takes to tell it. Most things do. And then Bennie opened his eyes and kept

them open. He did not say: "Where am I?" He said: "Did 'at stiff git away?" Meaning the driver.

"He will be punished for his carelessness," replied Miss Eaton, academically.

"Big stiff!" said Bennie, mercilessly.

"Forget him," said Bellareaton. "You're not hurt a bit. You can go home in a few minutes. Is there anything you'd like? You may have anything you like this afternoon, because you were nearly killed, but weren't. Ice cream or ——"

"Anything a 'tall?" Bennie asked.

"Anything."

"Gimme a ticket to the ballgame. Th' Yanks is back an' I wanna see them poor boobs play."

Dr. Ripley looked at Bellareaton. He took her hand and held it, pressingly.

"We'll take him to the game," he said.

BASEBALDERDASH

"Think that the Gi'nts 'll repeat?"
"Class is the word, bo; you said it."
"Well, they got Pittsburgh to beat —"
"Wagner's a wolf — give him credit."

"Class is the word, bo; you said it."
"Herzog's some manager, too."
"Wagner's a wolf — give him credit."
"Who said that guy was all through?"

"Herzog's some manager, too."
"Evers 'll make 'em all hurry."
"Who said *that* guy was all through?"
"Brooklyn might slip 'em a worry."

"Evers 'll make 'em *all* hurry."
"Yes, but St. Louis is there."
"Brooklyn might slip 'em a worry."
"Say, Philadelphia's a bear!"

"Yes, but St. Louis is *there.*"
"Some little team — that goes double."
"Say, Philadelphia's a bear!"
"Them guys are apt to make trouble."

"Some little team — that goes double."
"Well, they got Pittsburgh to beat."
"Them guys are apt to make trouble."
"Think that the Gi'nts 'll repeat?"

TO JULIA LEGION

When in whatever you wear you go,
  Girl of the present day,
Often I wonder how dare you go
  Clad in that lucent way.

You are the theme of my song to-day,
  You, O transparent dame.
Is it the sun that's so strong this year,
  Or — ain't you got no shame?

A WARNING TO MYRTILLA

Long and true my love for you, Myrtilla;
  Fervent as the solar rays.
Often, you recall, I used to spill a
  Lot of ink to print your praise.

Blind was I to all your little follies,
  Deaf to all your faults of speech —
Fairest of the universe's dollies,
  Loveliest of human creatch!

Melted by a mastering compassion,
  Faults of yours I can forgive.
I have seen you follow every fashion
  Feminine, and let you live!

BUT — and get me right, O my Myrtilla;
  Hearken to my warning, girl:
Listen: I could absolutely kill a
  Fluff who wears a fish-hook curl.

PAVLOWA

Pavlowa, thou fairest of dancers,
  Whose name is a blessing to speak,
Sooth, I were the worst of romancers,
  The dullest of bards, and unique,
Did I, in a measure melodic,
  Not sing of thy glorious grace,
And wax absolutely rhapsodic
    Extolling thy face.

Pavlowa! than Lilian more airy!
  Pavlowa! Terpsichore's self!
Thou sprite, hamadryad, and fairy,
  Thou pixie, thou sylph, and thou elf!
I think of thee strong as the panther
  And light as the will-o'-the-wisp;
I think thou'rt believe me thome danther—
    Please pardon my lisp.

By and Large

Perhaps, as I'm writing, Pavlowa,
  Thoudst not care to give me a glance.
How narrow is Art! *I'd* not throw a
  Good evening to look at thee dance.
To each his conception of blisses —
  My notion is staying at home.
The tickets I slipped to the Mrs.
    And penned thee this pome.

TO MYRTILLA

Myrtilla mine, none is so fair as thou;
  None is more fain than I to give thee credit
For hair and lips and eyes and cheek and
    brow —
  Some nectarine is accurate . . . I said
    it.

For I have been an eager, willing swain,
  Despite thine Economic Independence;
Often my love for thee hath stood a strain,
  And stood it for thy roseate resplendence.

What time thou wearest these horrific styles,
  The comic lid, the blouse named for the
    Bulgar,
Mine utter love dispelled my scornful smiles,
  For thou wert funny without being vulgar.

I thought thee safe; I deemed my love
secure;
But now I groan — I seek bichloride
beakers,
For there be things my love cannot endure —
Thou look'st a fright, Myrt, in thy tennis
sneakers.

YET THE SEMPITERNAL FOLLY IS HERS

"When lovely woman stoops ——" I'll quit it;
Perhaps she did in Goldsmith's day;
But now she can't — as well admit it.
Her dresses are not built that way.

TO THE PRESENT GIBSON GIRL

Lady of the neo-Gibson school,
  In the realm of Art I am lignitic;
Though I'm there at dice and kelly-pool,
  I concede that I am not a critic.

Yet, O Lady, when I see *McClure's*,
  And observe your head upon the cover,
Is it — O, I wonder — is it yours?
  How I blush to think I've been your lover!

Yes, your lover . . . In mine early youth,
  Ere I came to be a minus poet,
Then you led the league and that's the truth,
  Gibson girl of old, and now you know it.

BUT — and this the reason of my pome —
  This the object of these here addresses:
Why not get yourself a brush and comb?
  I refuse to fall for them there tresses.

BALLADE OF GIRLS WHO ATTEND THE PRINCETON-YALE AND YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAMES

Written after years of close observation at the games and the bleak intervals between them.

This is the way it appears to me:
Every season, as I recall;
Every season I seem to see
Fairest of maidens, one and all,
Watching the collegers play football;
And the *vox humana* in me exclaims,
"Where do you tarry from fall to fall?
Where do you hide between the games?"

Whence is beauty of such degree,
And number so many as to appal?
I seek in vain for a simile,
Fairest of maidens, one and all.

Ballade of Girls

Where do you vanish? Behind what wall?
Where are your houses and whaur your
hames?
Slaves are you to some witch's thrall?
Where do you hide between the games?

I gaze and gaze at the *bourgeoisie* .
I find at the play or the concert-hall.
But the total never sums up to be
Fairest of maidens, one and all.
I may see one from an opera stall,
Or a star from one of the melodrames;
But the annual average is sadly small —
Where do you hide between the games?

L'ENVOI

Princesses, pardon my simple scrawl,
Fairest of maidens, one and all;
But who — who are you and what are your
names?
Where do you hide between the games?

TO THE REDFERN CORSET LADY

Lady, I was never one to flatter,
  Never one to pull the insincere;
Ever am I chary with my chatter;
  Few the frails for whom I fill an ear.

Diffidence and shyness are my habit;
  Frightened I as any forest fawn;
Timid I as any startled rabbit;
  Shrinking as Orion at the dawn.

Yet I feel no trace of any shyness,
  Hurling elegiacs at your head,
Speaking of your obvious divineness—
  Not a fear, anxiety, or dread.

Cast the gyve and break the galling fetter!
  Far away discretion's chain I throw,
Lady, for I feel I know you better
  Than most any other girl I know.

THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN'S SONG

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of night,
As it did in the bygone evenings
  When Longfellow used to write.

I lamp the lights of the city,
  The scintillant signs of the town,
And a feeling of gladness comes o'er me
  That simply will not down.

A feeling of gladness and longing
  That is not akin to joy,
And resembles sorrow only
  As Tanguay resembles Foy.

Come, sing to me some lyric,
  Some sinful and stupid lay;
The sort that the Western buyers
  Applaud at a cabaret.

By and Large

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the highbrow bunch,
Who make the music-lovers
  Assert that they had the punch.

For, like strains of Debussy music,
  They make me ready to drop
Into deep and endless slumber,
  And to-night I long for slop.

Play from some ragtime lyrist,
  Whose songs gush'd Heav'n knows whence,
As wilful and naughty children
  Will write with chalk on a fence;

Who, down in Tin-Pan Alley,
  Or elsewhere I may not hint,
"Composed" the commonplace "music,"
  Or the words unfit for print.

Such songs have power to riot
  The sluggish pulse of care,
From the Anaconda Wriggle
  To the sin-sin Cinnamon Bear.

Then play from that aggregation
  The rag with the utmost pep,
And lend to the tune of the lyrist
  The grace of the newest step.

And the night shall be filled with ragtime,
  And the songs of an elder day
Shall repose in the camphored storehouse
  With "Forsaken" and "Nelly Gray."

THE CABARET BARDS

I

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

Don't you hear it? Toot! Toot!
Getting near it? Toot! Toot!
Wake up, Kate. Don't sleep so late.
We've got a date at half-past eight;
Don't you hear that hunter's horn?
    Tootle-oo!
Don't be so quiet,
Let's have a riot!
You're a peach, you're a mango,
Let's do the tango
Down in the Londonderry bogs.

CHORUS

Oh, Kathleen, you're a queen,
You're my Hibernian peacherine,
You're a bear,
You're there,
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care!
You're a gem,
K. M.——
Kathleen Mavournee-ee-een!

The Cabaret Bards

II

ANNIE LAURIE

Listen to my story, kid,
About Annie Laurie, kid,
Down on the Maxwelton River.
She's no flivver;
Her neck's like the swan, are you on? are you on?
Her face is fair, she's a bear! she's a bear!
She's a wolf, she's an otter,
She's a swell turkey-trotter;
She's some dancer, that's the answer.
Oh, oh! when I squeeze her I please her, O Cæsar!
Oh, that Annie Laurie Ra-ha-ha-ag!

CHORUS

Maxwelton hugs are bunny;
Ain't it funny? Ain't it funny?
Nab me, grab me, taxicab me;
Do that glorious,
Gyratorious,
Annie Laurie-ous Rag!

III

MAID OF ATHENS

Maid of Athens, 'fore I go away
To the U. S. A.,
Hear what I say.
Don't be gloomy, kid,
Listen to me, kid!
O your beautiful eyes and hair!
I swear you're a bear.
Will you miss me? Come and kiss me,
You Athenian, Hell-hellenian maid!

CHORUS

O you swell Athenian skirt!
You're some dessert!
When we do that turkey-trot in Greece,
I can hear 'em holler out "Police!"
Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . .
Oh! . . .
Zoe mou sas agapo!
Maid of Athens, hug me tight,
Before you say "Good *Night!*"

IV

ROCK-A-BY, BABY

Rag-a-by, baby, the cradle is green,
Dad is some trotter and mother's some queen;
And Betty's some lady — some lady is right —
And Johnny's a dancer and one-steps all night.

Rag-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the crowd goes, the ragging will stop;
When the crowd comes and fills up the hall
Down go the dance, the dancers and all.

V

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

Break! Break! Break!
You're a crocodile, kid; you're a snake,
Oh, oh, oh, I wish that I could utter
The thoughts that make my heart go flutter,
Hear the fisherman's kid and the sailor lad —
I guess they're bad —

Singing that ragtime in the boat —
It gets my goat.
But I don't feel — What don't you feel? —
That vanished hand of my sweet Camille,
And her voice I cannot never hear no more;
That gets me sore,
And so I roar:

CHORUS

Break! Break! Break!
At the foot of the crags,
As we dance those rags
By the sea — you and me—
As we do that craggy, jaggy, waggy,
ziggy-zaggy break.

THE "PUNCH"

Time was when a novel was "gripping";
  Time was when a story was "strong";
Time was when a title was "pregnant" or
    "vital";
  And "sweet" or "appealing" a song.
Time was when a drama was "ripping";
  But now, be it Learning or Lunch,
For stuff to get by in the town of N. Y.
  It's got to be "stuff with a punch."

I'm tired of the tale that's "tremendous";
  I'm weary of "pulsing with life";
"Significant" also's beginning to pall so
  I think it is due for the knife.
I've stood for a run on "stupendous";
  "Convincing" and all of that bunch;
But worse, to my mind, than the others com-
    bined,
  Is the dread and ubiquitous "punch."

THE NEO-NEOISM

My cup is empty to-night,
Cold and dry are its sides,
Chilled by the wind from the open window,
Empty and void, it sparkles white in the moonlight.
The room is filled with the strange scent
Of wistaria blossoms.
They sway in the moon's radiance
And tap against the wall.
But the cup of my heart is still,
And cold, and empty.

— From "Absence," by Amy Lowell
in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

I have been paying attention
To the various movements in Art,
In Fiction and Poetry, particularly.
Most of them I am unable to imitate, even
if I cared to do so.
Some of them are sincere;
Most of them are phony.

The Neo-Neoism

Frank discussion of human relations
Is a fine thing; I am for it.
But Art for Obstetrics' sake, that, Mawruss,
Is something else again,
As to the New Poetry, should you ask me,
I should answer, No.
Briefly, and in a word, NO!
Henley could do it, but Witter Bynner and
    Amy Lowell can't.
Neither can I.

TO THE NEO-PSEUDOISTS

Poets and painters and sculptors,
  Ye of the screeching schools,
Scorners of Art's conventions
  Haters of bonds and rules.

Mockers of line and rhythm,
  Loathers of color and rhyme,
What of your new creations?
  What of the Test of Time?

Fetters no longer bind you,
  Ye of the New To-day,
But — if a dolt may ask it —
  What have ye got to *say?*

Here is another question,
  Less of the head than heart:
Is the new stuff wonderful merely
  Because it is rotten art?

ONE NEVER KNOWS

A daily bard once labored hard and earnestly and long;
And all his art and soul and heart he breathed into his song;
Each word and line he polished fine, and said: "I guess I'll show 'em
That at my height I sure can write considerable poem.
Big odds I'll give this stuff will live, and never be forgotten."
But few were they who read the lay, and those who did said, "Rotten!"

"So be it," said the bard. "Instead of doing stuff sublime,
I shall not try to versify, nor build the Lofty Rhyme;
Nor taste nor care shall mark my ware, I'll do it willy-nilly;

Nor worry if the verse be piffle, meaningless
and silly."
The stuff came out. Did people shout and
with applauding greet it?
No, they did not. They called it rotten also.
Can you beat it?

THE EXILES

After hearing many state and county society banquet speeches in New York.

The exiles from Anyold County
  Have come to the banqueting board
To listen to jokes on the Anyold folks,
  And haply to Simeon Ford.
"Oh, wondrous is Anyold County!"
  "Dear Harry and Jimmie and Jack."
"The perfectest place on the globular face—"
  But somehow they never go back.

The Georgians, the Texans, the Hoosiers
  Convene for their annual talk;
One night in the year they assemble to cheer
  Their state, while they knock on New Yawk.
O Anyold State is "God's Country";
  "Dear Old Iowana!" "Alack!
We wish we were there where the people are square——"
  But somehow they never go back.

"O dearest Old Kalamafornia!"
"My dear Pennsylourian home!"
"We few in the East have assembled to feast ——"
Then some one gets up with a pome.
O exiles in Marv'lous Manhattan,
I brand ye a hypocrite pack —
The burg of *my* birth is the finest on earth —
But somehow I've never been back.

A PHILIPPIC*

Down with that phrase soporific, bromidic —
"Whatever that is" —
Relic of days paleozoic, druidic —
"Whatever that is."—
Does one remark, in a tone unspectacular,
"I think the comet diffusely opacular,"
Some one will cry in the vulgar vernacular:
"Whatever that is!"

Curses on him who invented the slogan
"Whatever that is!"
Jump on his neck with an ensiform brogan —
Whatever that is —
Phrase without meaning, bourgeois and pestiferous,
Phrase that is wearying, dull and somniferous,
Here is anathema umbraculiferous —
Whatever that is.

*Whateverthatis.

NO OFFENCE, SIR

To the Editor of the Tribune. Sir:
Years I worked on an evening paper,
Daily banging my dulcimer,
Singing the rôle of the journal's japer.

Every morning or ever nine
Clanged its knell from the St. Paul steeple,
I was fanning the Spark Divine
To coax into flame for the eager* people.

And, at night, when I might have been
Reading my Meredith, James or Hardy,
I would be worrying, wakeful, in
Fear of arising the morrow tardy.

Years and years — and as I look back
Over the nights when I starved for slumber,
When, as a chronic insomniac,
Cattle I counted — an endless number —

No Offence, Sir

Back on days when I rose at six,
  Feeling awearied, weak, and sloppy,
Anxious until I had several sticks
  Written of readable,* zippy* copy.

Then when I think of those dreadful days,
  Mornings hurried and wild and stormy,
Through me courses a song of praise,
  Gratitude whelms me and surges o'er me.

Take my thankfulness, warm and deep,
  Sir, at your shrine I burn this taper:
I have found it a cinch to sleep
  Since I've come to your well-known paper.

*Or any other adjective that scans.

WHY THE SOCIALIST PARTY IS GROWING

DEDICATED TO THE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

"A story," the reporter said, "about commercial crime.
A merchant's been convicted of selling phony stuff.
The sentence is a thousand meg and seven years of time —"
"A hundred words," the city Ed. replied, "will be enough."

"A story," the reporter said, "about a crimson dame
Just landed from the steamer, wearing slippers that are red.
She used to be the Dearest Friend of Emperor Wotsisname —"
"Three columns and a layout!" cried the eager city Ed.

THE BALLAD OF THE TWO LAME MEN

As I was strolling a-down the street,
  In an utterly random way,
A couple of men I chanced to meet
  And a piteous pair were they.

Their limbs were bent, their heads awry,
  They seemed two sorry freaks;
And I spake them thus, oh, thus spake I,
  In the manner of Percy's Reliques:

O have ye been to the footballe-field
  And maiméd been and bent?
Or gat ye hurts that never healed
  In a railway's accident?

O have ye been to the bloudy wars?
  O have ye been through a wreck?
O whence are come these wounds and scars,
  And the crick of the back and neck?

By and Large

We haena been to the footballe-field
  Nor maiméd been nor bent.
Nor gat we hurts that never healed
  In a railway's accident.

We haena been to the bloudy wars.
  We haena been in a wreck,
And yet we have these wounds and scars,
  And the crick of the back and neck.

O tell me, tell me, my sad-eyed men,
  Gif ye haena been to wars,
Whence ever these bruises came, and when
  Acquired ye those dredesome scars?

Then up and spake me those gentil sirs:
  "By goddiswoundes, we are
The sixth and seventh passengers
  Of a seven-passenger car."

THE BALLAD OF THE SORROWFULL BRIDE

I came upon a fayre ladyė,
  Her face was drawne and grey;
  Now saints thee save, thou fayre ladye,
  What makst thee look that way?

Hast thou had heavy loss at bridge?
  Has ruined thy sonsie gowne?
Are all thy friends in the cool countrie
  Whiles that thou stickst in towne?

Do blaw the winds too hot, too hot?
  Do blaw the winds too fresh?
O tell me why thou hast this case
  Of psycholog. depresh?

I haena lost a penny at bridge,
  I haena torn my gowne,
I lust not after the cool countrie,
  Nor sorrow to stick in towne.

By and Large

The winds blaw never too hot, too hot,
  The winds blaw never too fresh;
And yet I have a dreadsome case
  Of psycholog. depresh.

I haena now yweddid been
  A year but hardly twa;
But my true love I never do see
  From Spring till late in Fa'.

In early March he leaveth my side
  Eche day when cometh the sonne,
And never I see him or hear him else
  Till day hath long been done.

In March, in April, and in May,
  In June and in July,
In August and in Septembér —
  Ay, till the snaw doth fly.

His bonnie face I never see,
  He hath no word to say,
He cometh home so weary at night
  He straightway hitteth the hay.

The Ballad of the Sorrowfull Bride

My hosband is no labouring man
  Must delve for daily bread,
And yet I scarce have spoken him
  Since the day when we were wed.

But this is why my cheek is pale,
  And red and dull my lamp:
My true love is a sportsman brave —

An amateur { golfing / tennis / fishing / polo / sailing } champ.

CUI CULPA?

The Triangle Fire, March 25, 1911

A train collision killed a few; "investigation" came;
The "probe" was sharp, the "probe" was deep, but "no one" was to blame.
The overworked despatcher, true, had fallen fast asleep,
But that was not the railroad's fault — and the "probe" was sharp and deep.

A hundred souls, a thousand souls were sacrificed to flame;
The "probe" was long, the "probe" was deep, but where to "fix the blame"?
"'Twas panic killed the audience; the loss of life was due
To trepidation of the mob," said Twelve Good Men and True.

Cui Culpa?

Pray God we grow not bitter, but it makes
the vision red —
This hellish truth of wiped-out youth, this
tale of needless dead!
No single name can bear the blame, go
"probe" ye ne'er so deep,
For the cost of living rises, but the cost of life
is cheap.

50484B

MONODY ON THE ASTOR HOUSE

Lament, O Muse, and heave a suspiration;
  Make me an epicedium, a threne,
An ode to fit my humid lachrimation,
    A dirge ultramarine!
For heavy I, and supercharged with woe,
On reading that the Astor House must go.

Thou noble inn where oft I [Cries of "Louder"]
  Repaired to find a frugal bit of lunch;
Where grew the city's only perfect chowder
    And hot Jamaica punch —
So deep my woe that thou art to be razed
I question it can fittingly be phrased.

Farewell, farewell! If Byron I may borrow —
  I read of thee in many an Alger tome,
Unthinking that, in age and bowed with sorrow,
    I'd spill to thee a pome;
Unknowing that some day I should deplore
The announcement that thou wert to be no more.

Yet though my trend be super-sentimental,
  Thine end I truly do not mind a bit;
My grief for that is wholly incidental,
    This is my woe, to wit:
The riveting and blasting I must hear —
Shades of the Woolworth tower! — another
  year!

BERMUDA

I point my new-filled pen at thee
  From an embarrassment of topics,
Fair gem of the cerulean sea,
  Glistening down in the semi-tropics.
Land where duress is but a dream,
Land of evaporated cream.

Isle of the cedar and the palm,
  Island of sempiternal summer,
Thou wert a benison and balm
  To me, thy present pæan-strummer.
Land of the lily and the rose
And misses'-size Lotharios.

Bermuda! fairy British isle
  Whose lexicon is void of "hurry,"
Whose murmuring says "Rest-a-while,"
  Whose motto comes to "I should worry!"
Land of the oleander path,
And eight per day (without a bath).

Bermuda

Not that I grudge my frittered wealth;
  Not mine to seek Bermuda's wherefore;
I landed there in quest of health
  And found it. I am grateful. Therefore
It is the smallest of my cares
The natives are not there for theirs.

Shall it be so in Paradise?
  Shall I be fluttering my pinions
And yearn to be among the guys
  Inhabiting the sub-dominions?

* * *

I only know that I came home
And pounded out this little pome.

MATES FOR THE MATELESS

[These words are rhymeless: Almost, person, modest, corner, peril, coffin, chilblain, dainty, always, cleanly, outside, nervous, absence, hardly, pageant, language.— *London Chronicle.*]

Poets, as we love to call most
Every bard that writes a verse on
Any subject, it is almost
Time to call this London person.

Though I'm reticent and modest,
As is every word-adorner,
This remark, of all the oddest,
Draws me boldly from my corner.

"Rhymeless." Say it at your peril,
Ere I order up a coffin.
Is there no such stone as "beryl"?
Wide indeed the sleeve I scoff in.

Mates for the Mateless

Though the mention of a chilblain
  Isn't beautiful or dainty,
"There's a rhyme," says Mr. Will Blaine,
  He's authority, now. Ain't he?

Be you smooth or wear you Galways,
  Or from Atchison or Henley,
Rhymes are very easy, always,
  And the sport is — oh, so cleanly!

Words are but a showy pageant;
  Bards are finishers of language
Unionlaboring — canst imagine 't? —
  For a small and daily gang-wage.

If a bard would only grab sense,
  And would think in manner bardly,
Would he rail at rhymes their absence?
  Would he do it? Would he? Hardly!

Turn 'em frontside, inside, outside,
  And the rhymes will surely serve us.
Why, if I had any doubts I'd
  Be considerably nervous.

"IN SUCH A NIGHT ——"

I love to sing of the winter thing
  In a rugged manner and bold;
I like to spill of the bracing chill,
  And chant of the tingling cold.

I love to write of the stormy night,
  And the rage of the sleet and hail;
I'm fain to tell of the snowy spell,
  And speak of the winds that wail.

I love to spiel of the way I feel
  As the terrible storm destroys
The sturdy ship (in the manner of Kip-
  Ling, Newbolt, or Alfred Noyes).

I love to sing of the winter thing,
  In a vigorous, yearnful pome —
But gosh! how I fear the walk from here
  To the subway bound for home!

CLOTHES, THE BIRTH RATE, ETC.

When as in silks his Julia went
  Whom Herrick lyricized with passion,
The press declared Gehenna-sent
  Each new and femininny fashion.

When hoopskirts made their wide appeal,
  During the war misnomered Civil,
The papers made their readers feel
  The girls were going to the divil.

And in the days of sweeping trains,
  And sleeves as thick as Vallombrosa,
They said that women had no brains —
  Had they a chance for Heaven? No, sah.

And in these here x-radiant days
  Of grenadine and voile and dimit-
Y, press and pulpit, in amaze,
  Cry out aghast: "This is the limit!"

By and Large

What is the reason for this piece?
Why did I spill these agonistics?
. . . . . .
Observe each year the great increase
In vital, so to speak, statistics.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE

[A man is on the downward course when the thought shapes itself in his reveries to some woman.—LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.]

Totters my reason as I think
  Of heights by great men reached and kept,
And how an evil worse than Drink
  Made them unhonored and unwept.
A man is on the downward course
  When woman-thoughts buzz in his bean —
I quote from that pellucid source
  Of cupid-counsel, Lorajean.

I muse how Herrick might have penned
  Some snappy stuff to give him fame
Had he but had less time to spend
  On Julia or some other dame;
How "Goddess excellently bright"
  And "Drink to Me" by rare Ben Jons-
On never would have seen the light
  Had saner matters filled his sconce.

While Moore, had he but put his time
  On something that resembled work,
And not on sentimental rhyme,
  Might have been an insurance clerk;
Had Burns, whose lines are all in praise
  Of queens (and some, I own, were beauts),
Not mused away his nights and days,
  He might have been in cloaks-and-suits.

The Hall of Fame is filled with those
  Who merit well the Libbeyan wrath,
Who shunned the upward hills of prose
  And coasted on the "downward" path.
And take it on the word of one*
  Who's coasted from the Androscoggin
To Puget Sound, it's lots of fun
  To ride upon that there toboggan.

*Oh, dear, no!

LINES WRITTEN AFTER RE-READING GRAY'S "ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD" AND REALIZING THAT EIGHT YEARS WERE GIVEN TO ITS COMPOSITION

The w. k. old Thomas Gray
  Took eight long years to write his verses,
The "Elegy" that tells how we
  Some day must ride in sable hearses.

And yet that song is not so long;
  It's only twenty-eight short stanzas —
A morning's work for Old Bill Kirk,
  George Fitch or Uncle Walt of Kansas.

If only I had time to try,
  (Thus runs my frequent meditation),
My fancy's creature'd surely reach
  Perfection in poetization.

Yet, looking o'er mine eight years' lore,
I know, though flatterers may con me,
That while in speed I may exceed,
In thought T. Gray had something on me.

ON EMULATION

[Like Thackeray, he was born in India; like Keats, studied medicine for a time; and, like Coleridge, there was a period when he had soldier ambitions. — Publisher's note about A. S. M. Hutchinson author of "The Happy Warrior."]

Like Finley Peter Dunne, I lamped the light
  Of morning in Chicago, Illinois;
And yet the spanless distance from his height
  Is just as great as when I was a boy.

Like H. G. Wells, I once engaged in trade;
  Like him I went and married me a wife;
A parsnip for the difference that* made!
  I never wrote a novel in my life.

Like T. Carlyle, I find it hard to sleep;
  I'm no misogynist — neither was Moore;
Like Hood, I suffer sailing o'er the deep —
  Yet nil the dent I make in Litrachoor.

Like Chesterton, I'm tardy with my stuff;
  Like Poe, I hate to labor very long;
Yet all I do is this Façade of Fluff.

  . . . . . .

  There must be something radically wrong.

*Refers to trade, by request.

BRIGHT SAFFRON SHEETS

AFTER "BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS"

Bright saffron sheets of crime and strife,
The wildest of our hectic life,
How many, many times a day
Ye have your 96-point say!
The papers come, the papers go,
The circulations wane and grow —
This be your slogan, an ye burst:
"For God, for Country, and for Hearst!"

In Mexico when troubles rise,
Who is the wisest of the wise?
Who gleams like Henry of Navarre?
Who but our hero, Willie R.!
What benefits the human race?
War, WAR! — all o'er the well-known place
War — though the order seem reversed —
"For God, for Country, and for Hearst!"

DO YOU KNOW?

I shot a pome into the Tower,
It showed acumen, skill, and power;
Yet no one grabbed me by the hand
To say: "Old kick, this stuff is grand!"

But some one went to work and wrote:
"Dear Sir: You are a rotten pote";
Another said: "You have no style";
Another: "My, that verse is vile!"

And so I thought: "Why slave and strive
To be the greatest bard alive?
I'll write without the slightest care
For words and rhythm and rhyme — so
there!"

Whereat I did a slipshod rhyme
And said: "To print it were a crime."
'Twas printed . . . And the public swore
As roundly at me as before.

By and Large

I learn from these two flights in rhyme
You can't please people all the time:
In fact, though earnest your endeavor,
It's difficult to please 'em ever.

W. S. — 1564-1914

WORDS BY SHAKESPEARE. ARRANGEMENT BY US.

O how I faint when I of you would write!
My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

My verse alone had all thy gentle grace
For every vulgar paper to rehearse;
My black is fairest in thy judgment's face
And found such fair assistance in my verse.

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day?
I know not where is that Promethean heat.

EUGENIC LOVE LYRICS

Eugenevieve, Eugenevieve,
The days may come, the days may go;
But each to other we shall cleave,
As long as Science tells us so.

Rock-a-by, baby, thy crib's hygienic,
Papa's a doctor and ma's a eugenic;
And don't take a husband unless he's a gent
Whose mark in the health league's one hundred per cent.

Nut-brown maiden, thy respiration's perfect, love;
Nut-brown maiden, thy respiration's fine,
Thy respiration's fine, love,
I'll say the same for mine, love.
Nut-brown maiden, thy circulation's normal, love;
Nut-brown maiden, thy weight's exactly right.

Eugenic Love Lyrics

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Her progeny numbered about thirty-two;
But she gave them all books on Eugenics to
read,
Which lessened their filial affection, indeed.

Some asked me where affection grew
And nothing I did state;
But with my finger pointed to
My Julia's perfect weight.

When as to walk my Julia goes
Then, then, (methinks) how finely shows
Her healthinesse from eyes to toes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
The health department's guarantee,
I wis, she is the maid for me!

SPEAKING OF ROBERT BURNS

BORN JANUARY 25, 1759

As bonnie blaws the wind the nicht,
An' gowden glists the fire, an' bricht
O'er Braidswa' gleams th' electric licht,
My fancy turns,
Wi' a' its wee bit feckless micht,
To Bobbie Burns.

Puir mon, we celebrate his name
An' read his rhymes in ilka hame;
An' yet, if back to airth he came
The nicht, I fancy
We'd hauld his Mary up to blame,
And eke his Nancy.

For this, I say, is sooth, ye ken,
In Glasgie Toun or Drumloch Glen:
"A man's a man"— an' men are men;
An' folk forgive.
(Ay, that they do, but seldom when
The sinners live.)

Speaking of Robert Burns

Wi' mickle wae my teardrops fa',
For dread I canna get awa'
Wi' phrases mair than ane or twa
In tongue forgotten.

. . . . .

Yet this, though I'm nae chiel to blaw,
Isna sae rotten.

THE BATTLE OF SWATTERLOO

I swat the fly upon the ear
It falls to earth. And then, oh, dear!
I look upon the window-pane
And see a dozen still unslain.

SPEAKING OF SUFFRAGE —

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled ——" you know the rest.
The women, bless their simple souls,
Sought not the suffrage at the polls —
They made no mad request.
Yet Freedom, says McMaster, won
At Bunker Hill and Lexington.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young—"
You know the line I quote —
The maids of Athens, beauteous band,
Made never a hint of a demand
To be allowed to vote.
Yet I recall, without fatigue,
That Hellas led the Eastern League.

"When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with cant,"
She begged no ballot as a boon
To keep the universe in tune,
As does the militant.
Yet — had the home not been her sphere,
The snake might not have gained her ear.

THE OPTATIVE MOOD

My soul to-day is far away,
  Like that of T. Buchanan Read's;
And I am fretful with the bay —
  (From one of Richard Hovey's screeds).

Mine be a cot beside the hill!
  I share Old Samuel Rogers' wish.
To sport with shady Amaryll!
  Like Milton — that is my ambish.

My heart's in (you remember Burns?)
  I wish I were where Helen lies!
For when it comes to footless yearns
  I string along with all those guys.

I sing of books, of blossoms, birds —
  Like Herrick, a Pandean piper;
But all I do is fix up words
  To feed a laggard linotyper.

By and Large

Beside the idle summer sea
  I long to see the roses bloom.
What time I pen this poetree
  In this here hot composing room.

LINES ON BLUSHING FOR "PUNCH"

EXCITED OLD LADY (as express thunders through station): "Oh, Porter, doesn't that train stop here?"
PORTER: "No, lydy, it doesn't even hesitate." —*Punch.*

Or ever in me burned poetic fire,
Or ever I had cut my second teeth
I heard the laughsome art of McIntyre
And Heath.

They pulled that wheeze. I yelped with joy, and then
I told it to my father in my glee.
"That gag was old," he said, "in Eighteen Twen-
Ty Three."

"Our Country's Father, better known as George,
Would spring it, just to keep the soldiers gay,
That woeful winter down at Valley Forge,
P-a.

"When C. J. Cæsar's legions were oppressed,
By Vercingetorix's hostile horde,
And Julius told ambassadors that jest,
They roared.

"And when the afternoons were dull and dark,
And Shem was looking for a favoring breeze,
Old Noah told the tourists on the Ark
That wheeze.

"And Japheth said: 'O father, that is old;
Your s. of h. is one that makes me grieve.
That was the primal jest that Adam told
To Eve.' "

Which makes it pretty hard for me. For days
To those with whom I daily spear my lunch
Alone have I been pæaning the praise
Of "Punch."

TO THOSE CONCERNED

SPLITTING THE BLAME WITH THE ESTATE OF A. TENNYSON.

Ask me no more; water may flow uphill;
The celebrated sun set in the east;
New York some day be properly policed;
But, suppliants, there be limits to my skill —
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more: confinéd is my power,
Though thousands bend the knee at my behest,
Though millions giggle at my feeblest jest.
Cease writing, phoning, calling every hour;
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more: were Bourbon I, or Guelph,
Yet should I answer no to all your queries;
No, I can't get you tickets for The Series —
I don't know how to get the things myself,
ASK ME NO MORE!

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER"

I remember, I remember,
The Sodom *Herald* said:
"The wave of crime is at an end;
Corruption now is dead."
And the Gomorrah *News* rejoiced,
In headlines high and loud,
"The land has been delivered from
That awful crooked crowd."

I remember, I remember,
The Nineveh *Gazette* —
"No longer will the town be rife
With liquor and roulette."
And how the Athens *Courier* cried
That graft would have to cease,
And that would rise undimmed again
The glory that was Greece.

"I Remember, I Remember"

I remember, I remember,
  Twelve, eight, four years ago —
The things the optimistic sheets
  Would print — and think them so.
I hate to take the cynic pose,
  But I'd like to bet a lid
The millennium's just as far away
  As when I was a kid.

THE LANDING OF THE NEW HAVEN FATHERS ON NEW ENGLAND AND ENVIRONS

The Mellen waves dashed high
  On a stern and rail-bound coast,
And the tracks from Boston to N. Y.
  Were (see the *Evening Post*).

And the heavy night hung dark,
  As Felicia said of yore,
When a band of directors set their mark
  On the tame New England shore.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  Led by their president,
And the theme was "Let the Public Hang!"
  And the Tune was Eight Per Cent.

What sought they thus afar?
  (Pardon my noisy mirth)
The N.Y., N.H. & H.R.R.—
  They sought the well-known earth.

The Landing of the New Haven Fathers

Ay, call it Mellen ground,
The land through which they fare;
They have done full well with what they found —
Water and earth and air.

WITH GENUFLEXIONS

A crash, a crush, a crowding,
A mob compact and tight,
The crime of every morning,
The disgrace of every night.
A service skimped and shameful,
A system pinched and punk,
Some call it Rapid Transit,
And others call it bunk.

A "block" and a "crippled service,"
A crush and a stifling wait,
And a poison in the atmosphere
That engenders human hate.
But there's profits in the subway,
And dividends in the L —
Some call it Rapid Transit,
And others call it hell.

O EVER THUS!

LINES ON HEARING THE RUMOR THAT THE SUN BUILDING, WHICH IS CONTIGUOUS TO OUR NEW OFFICE WINDOWS, IS TO BE TORN DOWN, AND A SKYSCRAPER TO BE ERECTED IN ITS PLACE.

Aye, tear her tattered structure down,
  Long has it wabbled, low,
And many an orb has ached to see
  That building on the Row;
Beneath it rang the Dana shout,
  And burst the Laffan roar;
But it is not a-going to be
  Around these parts no more.

I weep not for the brighter days
  And nights of yesteryear;
For Chester Lord I have no sigh,
  For Clarke I shed no tear.
But ye that own that shambling hulk
  Of other days' renown,
O let that red brick structure stand!
  Please do not tear it down!

By and Large

I heard the Hudson Terminal
  Go up for two whole years;
The Singer and the Woolworth Towers
  Are riveted on mine ears;
And just as, where I've set my desk,
  A pleasant time is had,
They think of tearing down the Sun,
  And it makes me awful mad.

ON THE USUFRUCT OF WORRYING

To worry is futile;
  To fret is a strain;
To mope is inutile
  And wearies the brain.
Depression is folly,
  A carker is care;
A waste, melancholy;
  A tyrant, despair.

A prey is injection;
  Depressing is gloom;
Corroding reflection,
  And leads to the tomb.
Though life may be sweet, I
  Envisage the grey,
For *tædium vitæ*
  Has got me to-day.

Yet brooding hath uses
  That one may employ,
And worry produces
  As surely as joy.
Can wakefulness pay? There
  Is never a doubt.
Last night as I lay there
  I figured this out.

TO THE JUST GRADUATED

Youth of the bounding ambition,
  Out in the strenuous mob,
Shall you Accept a Position?
  Or will you Hunt for a Job?

ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

[Heard in the vicinage of any fraternity house any open-window evening.]

Come, landlord, fill the Spanish cav and I
will pledge with mine
O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve and everything
so fine
For every little movement in a one-horse
open sleigh
Where are the verdant freshmen I'm a pilgrim
old dog Tray.

How can I bear to ubi sunt o pocula to-night
Ever of thee I'm just a song sea-strand and
billows white
My bonnie lies in days of old the shades of
Upidee
To drive dull care Columbia on a weeping
willow tree.

BALLADE OF A JADED IMAGINATION

"Little remains to be told." — *Old Cap Collier, Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell.*

When I was vibrantly young,
  (Well I remember the days)
How I would wander among
  Carter's and Merriwell's ways!
  Murder and plunder and blaze,
And, when he garnered the gold,
  This was my favorite phrase:
Little remains to be told.

Turning to songs that are sung,
  Blushful, unspeakable lays,
Songs that the decent of tongue
  Utterly shock and amaze;
  Filth of the cheap cabarets,
Nothing is there to withhold.
  Say every word! How it pays!
Little remains to be told.

"Breathless and eager they clung."
"Panting, she sent back his gaze."
"Down on the floor she was flung."
"'Damn you!' she crushed her bouquets."
"'Curse you!' came back, in a haze."
"Why is your nature so cold?"
"Crash! went the tottering vase."
Little remains to be told.

L'ENVOI

Authors of books and of plays,
Writers of songs overbold,
You're at the crux of the craze —
Little remains to be told.

AS TO AN URBAN SUMMER

Friend, you who write of rural joys
  Far from the madding old metrop,
Far from the town's unnerving noise,
  Far from the clamor of the shop—
Know you how fine and cool it is
  In urbe hac (the phrase is Latin
For this here little village, viz.,
    To wit: Manhattan)?

Know you the town is full of folks?
  Know you the shows are full of queens?
That every mail is full of jokes
  Born of the nation's brightest beans?
At least one ball game every day;
  A crime, perhaps; and an indictment—
Why, nowhere in these U.S.A.
    Is more excitement.

As to an Urban Summer

Think you that I could bear to lie
  Around with not a thing to do
But lamp the celebrated sky
  And mark its varying shades of blue?
Think you that it would be enough
  To idle all the summer day so?
Could I endure that sort of stuff?

* * * *

Well, I should say so!

A LEXICOGRAPHER'S LOVE-POEM

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."
Thus Pope. I pray you note that he said "rarely,"
Or ever that you judge of me unfairly.

Lady, my love, my nymph, my fay,
  Carissima, desiderata,
Divinely fragrant flow'r-o-May,
  Light of my life, persona grata —

Belovéd, idol, pixy, sprite,
  Elf, moppet, fairy, Main Idea,
My fair, my Phantom of Delight,
  My darling and my Dulcinea —

Cherished, adored, revered, admired,
  Enchantress, true-love and heart's nearest,
Missed, wanted, coveted, desired,
  Attraction, jewel, mopsey, dearest —

A Lexicographer's Love-Poem

Inamorata, magnet, pearl,
  Venus, allurement, needed, yearned for,
Whim, fancy, favorite, angel, girl,
  Height of ambition, honey, burned for —

O cara mia, hertz, ma belle,
  Duck, empress, queen, and consecration,
Exalted, blesséd damosel,
  Spark, flame, and fire of inspiration —

Geliebte, sweetheart, longed for, pet,
  Star, single object of affection,
League-leaderess and One Best Bet,
  Caprice, wish, whimsy, predilection —

O solar system, summit, goal,
  You peach, you precious one, you sweet, you!
My beacon bright, my Heart-and-Soul . . .
  I wonder if I'll ever meet you.

THE WET BLANKET LEGION

Whenas for fishing I am fain
  And avid of the rod and reel,
I take me to a lake in Maine
  And harken to the woods' appeal.
Daily I fling my futile line
  Employing all mine Art and Reason;
"You should," they say, when I repine,
  "Have tried it earlier in the season."

Whenas I take an ocean trip,
  The waves are ninety cubits high;
The vessel does the Mortal Dip,
  And I, affrighted, yearn to die.
"Some storm, eh, what?" I gasp, as who
  Should say "That statement is finific."
Says one: "Why, this is nothing to
  A storm I saw on the Pacific."

The Wet Blanket Legion

I make a journey in July
  Through faery forests lined in green;
Above me is the summer sky —
  A wondrous day, a perfect scene.
I praise the picture. "Oh, tut, tut!"
  Replies my friend, the village printer,
"The woods is nice in summer, BUT
  Ye oughter see 'em in the winter."

And thus it is where'er I go;
  I fail to find the Perfect State.
Whether my step be swift or slow,
  I go too soon or come too late.

. . . . . .

These random rhymes, I own, may be
  A piece of pleasant versifying.
But, bless my soul, you ought to see
  What I can do when I am trying.

THE MONUMENT OF Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS*

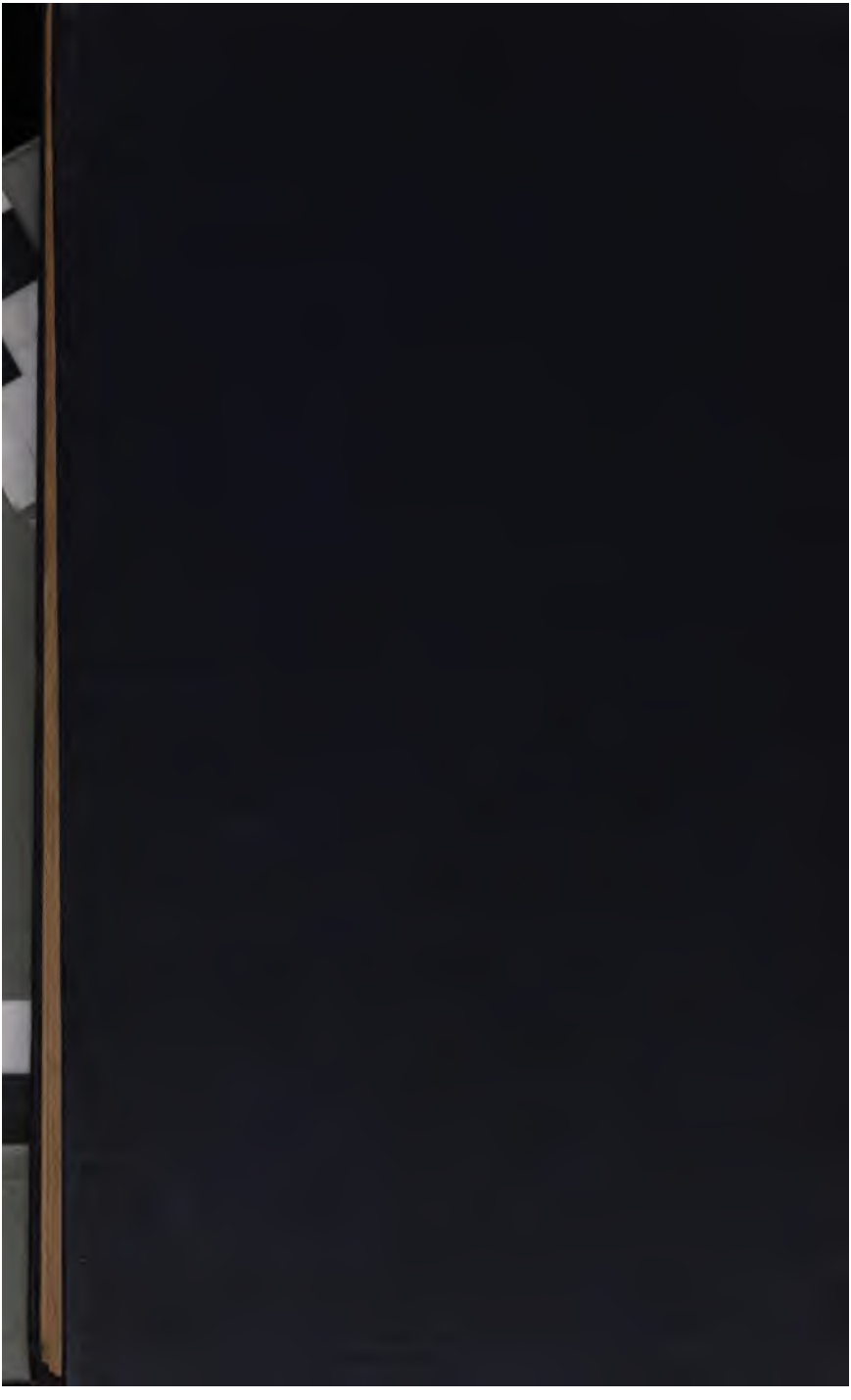
Horace: Book III, Ode 30.

AD MELPOMENEN.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.

Reader, the monument that I've
Erected ever shall survive
As long as brass; and it shall stay
Despite the stormiest, wildest day.
Though winds assail, yet shall it stand
High as the pyramids, and grand.
Eternally my name will be
Triumphant in posterity.
Recurrent will my praises sound;
I shall be terribly renowned.
Born though I was of folk obscure,
Unknown, I spilled Some Lit'rature.
Now, O Melpomene, my queen
Entwine the laurel on my bean!

*From the *Evening Mail*, Dec. 31, 1913.

THE END

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